"Lambert's Leap" in Olden Times-Chandler's Jump of 39 Feet Unbeaten - Hunting Good for Developing Jumpers-American Horses Excel at High Leaping, With 7 Feet 9 Inches.

From time immemorial great jumping feats have been performed by horses, sice while many recorded are unreliable and open to question, the majority are genuine. One of the former class, around which yet hovers a breath of romanticism, is the oft mentioned leap of Black Bess, the tireiess steed of the outlaw Dick Turpin. The mare is said to have cleared the Hornsey toll gate on the outskirts of London with Turpin on her back. Whether or not such an event ever happened it is impossible now to determine, but long after Turpin passed away the Hornsey toll gate was pointed out. It was 6 feet 10 inches high, and on the top bar was a cheveaux de frise; but however daring this jump, there are dozens of a much later date and unquestionable which cast Black Bess's completely in the shade. Hunting countries produce great

One of the most historic horse leaps known to the Old World is "Lambert's Leap," which took place in 1759, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. Cuthbert Lambert's mare took fright, and on reaching a bridge the parapet of which was 31/2 feet high, jumped upon and off it, clearing a barn below and covering a distance of 48 feet, the actual height of the drop being 36 feet. The bough of a tree broke the fall; but though the rider was unhurt the mare died, and the shock was so great that all the joints of her back were dislocated.

To commemorate this exploit "Lambert's Leap" was carved on one of the coping stones of the bridge. Curiously enough this stone was knocked away in 1767 by another horse, ridden by a man named Nicholson of Newcastle, which jumped over the precise spot. More curious still, there was a third leap at the same spot in 1771, the rider being the servant of Sir John Hussey Delaval. As already mentioned. Lambert escaped unhurt, while in Nicholson's case "the man it was that died," and both Sir John's horse and rider were killed. There is a substantiated record of a horse

having jumped a wall six feet high and one foot wide in the neighborhood of Paisley. The late Gen. Wallace once made a bet with Cunningham of Craigends that a horse belonging to one of the officers of the regiment would jump six feet. The bet was accepted, the horse was named, and he won the money easily for the General. The trial took place over a wall bounding a cottage garden, and before the horse could be pulled up he cleared another wall 41/4 feet high. Alongside of these records it seems nothing out of the way to learn that on New Year's Day, 1877, when the Duke of Beaufort's hounds met at Colcat Barn, Major Bayley, riding a pony, 14 hands high, cleared a wall 5 feet 6 inches in height. The merit of the leap is, however, enhanced when it is remembered that it took place with hounds and that the pony was not brought fresh out at the stable.

A still better jump with hounds is that tuken by one Perkins, whip of the East Sussex hounds in 1823. After a good run the fox made for Lord Chichester's seat, Stammer Park, near Brighton and scrambled over the wall with the pack at his brush. Perkins was in a good place, and evidently carried away by the excitement of the moment rode at and cleared a wall seven feet high. These leaps are not given as anything approaching to an exhaustive list of high jumps, but are merely selected because they are authenticated.

One of the best performances over water is unquestionably that of Alexander Camp-bell of Menzies in jumping the River Leam. Medford, 196; Prospect, 285; Harrington, 98; In 1856 Baker's hounds were running in the town of Dedham and plantations of Macthe neighborhood of Granborough, when wahoe, Long and Highland. the Leam came in the way. Campbell had when he saw it had but a poor idea of its width. However, seeing that at last there was something to jump he held a tight rein on his gray horse Deceiver and jammed him at the river. The horse just cleared the water, which, on being measured, proved to be 27 feet 7 inches. "Campbell's leap," as it is now called, naturally caused some commotion and eventually a Mr. Gibson backed five of his horses for £50, to jump the Leam at the place crossed by Campbell. The horses, however, were entered to be sold at Tattersalls, so the match was made conditional on their not being sold. One was disposed of and the wager was decided with four horses.

conditional on their not being sold. One was disposed of and the wager was decided with four horses.

The test came off in May 1856, Mr. Martin of Rugby backing the water. The horses were ridden by a 126-pound man. He first tried a narrower part of the river, and all got over with a scramble. Over "Campbell's Leap" the first horse, a gray, fell on landing and thus lost the first £50; the others jumped into the water and Campbell's feat remained unbeaten. Three days later a dinner and a silver cup were given to Campbell in honor of the occasion.

While hunting with the Queen's hounds about eighty years ago Lord Villers cleared twenty-seven feet over a canal. But in point of distance all these performances are cast in the shade by Chandler's famous jump at Warwick in 1847. It is stated that the distance cleared was 39 feet, but there is some testimeny in favor of 37 feet. The unicertainty seems to have arisen from two distances mentioned in Bell's Life of that date. In the account of the steeplechase itself the distance is given as 37 feet, but in a paragraph in another part of the paper it was stated to be 39 feet. William Archer, father of the jookey, Fred Archer, saw the jump, however, and in later years testified in favor of the latter distance.

Lord Ingestre's horse Lather once jumped 27 feet 5 inches over a marl pit in a run with the Pytchley hounds. A horse named Culverthorne is said to have jumped 39 feet at Whissendene, but there does not appear to be any trustworthy record of the leap. At the close of 1887 Mr. Muntz, M.P., jumped into a chasm 40 feet deep, and one of the "eading cases" in this style of jump-

For it was well known that he that got through the most gensational performance was sure to command the largest share of patronage from the onlookers, and hundreds of intending breeders used to attend such fairs for the purpose of judging for themselves as to the merits of the representative candidates for stud honors.

The fair in the County Waterford, held on May 1, was a great place for showing stallions, and several notable jumps were made. A great many years ago a horse named Skylark, owned by a Mr. Prendergast, and ridden by Mergin, a groom, jumped into the pound over a wall 6 feet 1 inch and jumped out of it again. At the fair of Glynn, held in the southern limits of Tipperary, this stallion's jumping was greatly in vogue. On one occasion great competition was being carried on, and two brothers of the name of Walsh from kilkenny, with their stallions, were in it. Finding they could not best their opponents, one of the Walshes laid flat on the top of a five-bar gate while the other jumped the stallion over him. Lord Waterford, father of the present Lord Charles Beresford, rode a horse over a sixfoot wall after a long run with the hounds.

But a jump of real daring was performed

foot wall after a long run with the hounds.

But a jump of real daring was performed in 1870 by John Ryan, oldest brother of the Ryans of Scarteen, on his mare Steal-a-way. The deer and hounds had got into Croker's domain at Ballinagarde, around which there was a stone wall ten feet high. Croker's domain at Ballinagarde, around which there was a stone wall ten feet high. All the horsomen started to go around to the entrance gate, but no such unsportsmanlike tactics for Ryan. He had a man who was carting crushed stones pull his wagon within a few feet of the wall. Then turning the mare around he slapped her on the neck and drove her at it. Knowing what was expected of her, Steal-a-Way, with the agility of a fawn, hopped up on the box of stones and with another bound went over the wall.

A younger brother of the same family, named Clement, rode a hunter over an iron spiked gate 6 feet 6 inches high in a run with the Tipperary hounds in 1882. At the Charleville race in 1875 a chaser named Sailor, owned by Capt. Stamar Gubbins, brother of John Gubbins, owner of Ard Patrick, cleared 33 feet over the water jump with 170 pounds on his back. This horse ran fifth in the Grand National of 1874, with 175 pounds up.

A horse named Cigar, owned by Allen McDonough, jumped 29 feet in a steeplechase in England. W. McDonough, a brother of the same man, rode a horse called Perfection over six walls 6 feet high for a big wager. George Low, owner of the mighty Barcaldine, had a gray horse named

big wager. George Low, owner of the mighty Barcaldine, had a gray horse named Jack Spring that jumped a 6-foot wall at the Dublin horse show of 1873, and repeated

Jack Spring that jumped a 6-foot wall at the Dublin horse show of 1873, and repeated the performance at Waterford. Jack Spring was truly a wonderful horse, but about the most unmanageable brute that ever was bridled—a rushing devil that no one could ride, and yet he could jump 6 feet from a standstill.

It is in the high jumping department that American horses chiefly excel. In 1891 Filemaker, ridden by Madame Marantette, cleared 7 feet 3½ inches in Chicago, and in September of the same year Rosebery cleared the same height in Elmira, the obstacle being a pole held by the hands instead of straps. The present record stands at 7 feet 9 inches and is to the credit of Heatherbloom, the chestnut gelding owned by Howard Willetts. This great jump took place at the Bryn Mawr horse show last fall, when Richard Donnelly piloted the horse over the astounding height. It is said that in a private trial Heatherbloom once cleared 8 feet 3 inches.

10,000 PORCUPINES KILLED. And the Demands for Bounty Have Almost Swamped the Maine State Treasurer.

From the Lewiston Evening Journal. Although only seven days have passed ince the close of the State porcupine year. Nov. 30, the returns of porcupines killed and paid for by the towns and plantations under the bounty act of last winter are beginning to swamp the State Treasurer's office rapidly. They come in rolls, some of them as large as a man's arm. One roll was so big that the postage on it was 40 cents. The State had 20,000 blanks printed, and a Portland firm had as many more. From one to forty dead porcupines are represented by each blank on which a return is made. An official says that when the returns are all in they will show 10,000 porcupines killed. Of the towns and plantations which have reported thus far, Whiting, in Washington county, shows the largest number of bounty paying percupines, 646, which, at 25 cents each, will cost the State \$161.50. The other

e appropriation to pay for the year is \$500, and it is thought the returns already in will nearly use this up. It is hinted that one of the first acts of the pine bounty law. The hunters are mostly boys. Many farmers think they do more damage by setting fires than they do good by killing porcupines.

MIGHTY BATTLE OF THE DEEP a Thrasher Shark and a Swordfish Mixed It Up With a Whale.

From the Chicago Chronicle One of the rarest as well as one of the most thrilling spectacles ever beheld by a human by Dr. and Mrs. L. Webster Fox of Phila-Klondike. In a sea lashed by many big fish they saw a thrasher shark and a swordfish attack a whale and in a long and terrific battle slowly hack the great cetacean to death. Not only Dr. and Mrs. Fox, but an

death. Not only Dr. and Mrs. Fox, but an entire shipload of passengers were spectators at this combat.

"The fight took place on a Saturday afternoon, Ang. 29, just before we entered Juneau," said Dr. Fox. "We were on the steamer Cottage City, Capt. Wallace, travelling northward through that wonderful inland sea which stretches 1,000 miles from Va couver to Skarway.

and, All, and hence of the deceasion.

In a standard shipty year ago Lord Viles cleared twenty-seven feet cover a cross. But in the control twenty-seven feet cover a cross. But in the control twenty-seven feet cover a cross. But in the control twenty-seven feet cover a cross. But in the control twenty-seven feet cover a cross and the control twenty-seven feet cover and the control twenty-seven feet cover a cross and cover a cross and the control twenty-seven feet cover a cross and cover a cross and

CHAMPION CLIMBING PONY. Little California Bronco That Scaled 14,444-Fost Mount Shasta.

From the San Francisco Chronicle. For the first time in the twenty years that mountain climbers have been scaling that old monarch Mount Shasta, a horse has stood upon the summit, 14,444 feet above the level of the sea. Many times the eyes of man have swept the grand view—far away into the hazy distance where the Marysville buttes, 150 miles away, jut from a stretch of prairie. But never before did equine hoofs stand upon the Of all the attempts that have been made but one has been successful. It has remained for the skill and experience and perseverance of an old Shasta guide, Tom Wat-son, to accomplish with a well muscled Indian pony the feat that others had tried and

All but overcome with fatigue, the little bronco not only made his way up the steep inclines and over the treacherous passes, but he carried upon his rounded back a little woman. Only for a stretch of 250 feet, up the shifting ground of "The Slide," did the straining cayuse make his way without this burden. And when his hoofs touched the rocks of the summit, worn out, dejected and apparently not at all elated over the successful outcome of his difficult task, he posed

The pony, which is now the talk and miration of the little town of Dunsmuir, Cal., is the property of W. B. Beem. His name is Jump Up, and the residents of the little hamlet swear by him as a piece of horse flesh quite the equal, but in a different line of Lou Dillon and Dan Patch and others that have distinguished themselves as world

As gray dawn filtered in through the thick woods and the underbrush of timber line upon the south side of Mount Shasta, Sept. 23 of this year, three men, a woman and the horse began the long climb to the top. At 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day they stood, all five, upon the summit. The members of the party were the guide, Tom Watson: the owner of the plucky little pony, W. B. Beem: the official photographer, J. Valentine, taken along to secure lasting documents of the accomplishment of the feat; and the woman rider of the record breaker, Miss Alma Cousins.

The trip was made solely under the direction of Tom Watson. For years it has been a pet theory of his that a horse could make the trip. Since 1883 he has been going over the ground as a guide to tourist mountain climbers, taking them all on horseback to within half a mile of the top. Here the horses always were abandoned and the rest of the trip was made on foot, and on the hands and knees, up from one foothold to another.

In the trip in which the old guide accom-As gray dawn filtered in through the thick

hands and knees, up from one footnoid to another.

In the trip in which the old guide accom-plished the feat of getting the first and only horse to the very top of the mountain, two days were required from Dunsmuir The start was made at daybreak in a surrey. An

days were required from Dunsmuir The start was made at daybreak in a surrey. An eighteen mile jog slong a fairly good mountain road brought them to McCloud, where they stopped for luncheon. The rig was then left behind and the procession went ahead on horseback. The timber line, twenty-two miles from Dunsmuir, was reached before nightfall and camp was struck for the night. The second day's start was made at 3 o'clock in the morning, before even a few faint streaks of dawn were to be seen. Watson knows every step of his route so well that he could have made the whole of it at night. Up they toiled, now riding the horses, now getting off and climbing up themselves, helping their hard worked animals along. Shortly before 11 o'clock they reached "Lunch Rock," the termination of the journey made on horseback by tourists, just half a mile from the tep.

The worst of the journey was yet to come. It was a case in which the hackneyed expression. "So near, and yet so far," was aggravatingly applicable. The last half mile, which no horse ever traversed before, is not only a continuous succession of hard ascents, but is attended by dangers. A show chute so the South Glacier, had first to be crossed, and it was slippery, icy work for the borse. But still the worst was to come. "The Slide" is the most treacherous piece of shifting ground on the mountain. Walled in by rocks, it is a long, steep lane on a 45 per cent, grade, the earth of which slides and rolls down the mountain. For 250 feet this was the only place passable for the horse. When a man yoes up to the summit unencumbered by horsefiesh he is able to scale the rocks, but for a horse this is impossible, even if the animal be nimble and well muscled, as Jump Up was. "The Slide" has brevented all previous climbers from get-

mal be nimble and well inducted, as defining the Slide" has been the obstacle which has prevented all previous climbers from getting a horse to the top. Two attempts were made in 1897 by a mountain climber named Breuner, and both horses were lost in trying to get up the 250 feet of "The Slide." Once a horse's foot slips on the shifting earth, down the mountain side he rolls, several thousand feet, to be found a mangled mass at the bettom.

feet, to be found a mangled mass at the bottom.

Each of the three others of the party had both hands with which to grasp the sides of the rock and pull themselves up, but Watson was compelled to use one hand to lead the horse. Four and a half hours were required to great the animal over those dangerous 250 feet. Jump Up did not belie his name. Progress could be made only in jumps. It was a case in which feeling one's way was the only safe means of travel both for man and beast. Jump Up took not unkindly to the task. Resting his knees in the loose dirt, squatting on his haunches, he went forward in long lunges—quite an out of the ordinary means of locomotion for a horse. These lunges were punctuated by long periods of rest. Then there would come more coaxing words from Watson, a few encouraging pulls on the rope attached to a halter around the animal's neck, and Jump Up would make another lunge.

That is the way in which the dangerous "Silde" was crossed and the ascent slowly, gradually made to the top. It was a tired animal that Watson and the others had to work with, but he made up in willingness what he had lost in strength. At 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon the party of four and a horse rested on the very top of unconquerable Shasta, 14,444 feet above the level of the sea. It was the first time a horse had ever stood there.

HOW INDIANS CURE SNAKEBITES. Aged Chief Tells of the Application of the Remedy to His Sausw.

From the Kansas City Journal Kot-oh-pee, a venerable, red blanketed patriarch of the Euchee Creek woods who medicine men, having been asked how the Indians cure snake bites, spoke substan-

FURS.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

From now until the holidays most people are too busy to "shop" in a vague search for an appropriate gift, and many are forced to realize that our hearts are bigger than our purses at this particular time of the year, when all regard it as a duty and a pleasure to remember in some substantial way those who are dear to us.

Few there are, however, and very few, who have not the time and means to gratify, to some extent at least, the sentiment which possesses us and grows as the holiday approach. But the real perplexity of the question presents itself:—What shall it be? What article will be the most expressive, and at the same time come within the range of our purse strings?

Furs naturally suggest themselves to the minds of the thoughtful. The question then arises, "Where shaif we go?" The best place to buy an article is where it is made.

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A NEW PAW-DAW-MOO. The Wonderful Thing That Happened in

the Night to Maung So Pyain. Paw-daw-moos seem to have begun a new eason again. For some years they appeared to have undergone a certain depreciation in the minds of the people; they were rather too numerous some years ago, following one another in rapid succession. For about two years there were no important paw-daw-moos. But a few days ago the new season began by the find of wondrous relies, and now comes another not quite so marvellous, but passing strange, for it did not happen in the regular way. A paw-daw-moo, as the Rangoon Gazette explains, is the discovery of a statue of Buddha in some unexpected or out of the way place; the spot where it is hidden is revealed in a dream given three

Now, in the present case, there was no dream. A paw-daw-moo is a very remun-erative find, as it attracts thousands of persons from the surrounding districts, for weeks together come crowding at the new shrine. Whole families arrive in carts or boats, and encamp there for one, two or more days, worshipping and enjoying themselves, bringing offerings and spending

The new paw-daw-moo took place at Khih Moon Ywa, in the township of Chaung Comyo-There lives a man called Maung So Pyain. It happened in the first days of September. He had as usual retired for the night, but for some cause or other he could not sleep and kept rolling from side to side. About midnight he felt uncommonly anxious about thieves; the sudden fear that they might come, break into the house and steal his property, made his bed rather uncomfortable; for Burmes thieves are not always gentle, and often have recourse to cruel devices to force their vic-

And so Maung So Pyain, in a rather distressed state of mind, got up from his couch and listened intently. At last he saw two men in his garden, making their way silently to the side opposite the nouse. Fear for a moment riveted the poor 'ellow to the spot where he stood; and, what was not likely to calm down his perturbed feelings. he perceived that the two men had left behind he perceived that the two men had left behind them a strange object resembling a human form, which slowly and gradually seemed to come out from the ground. His stupe-taction did not last long, however; he ran full speed to his neighbors, and hammered unceremoniously at their doors. What puzzled and frightened him was that black moving thing that had been left behind them and which seemed to rise from the ground. The neighbors listened breathlessly. The Burnese mind likes all that is or appears to be wonderful, and the story, as told by Maung So Pyain, appeared to them not to be lacking in the supernatural element. After a brief consultation they agreed to follow the man, for anyway it would be good to ascertain whether thieves had after all come or not; and if there had been no thieves, then some strange happening had certainly taken place.

They went in a body, prudently exploring and searching every inch of the ground; when lo! true enough, there, in the middle of the garden, something human was rearing its head some five cubits above the ground. Lights were produced in a trice, and the whole body of brave men cautiously surrounded and approached the enemy, inch by inch, step by step, and slways in readiness either to fly back in haste or to execute the stranger, according to circumstances. And so the circle narrowed on the thing, and the stranger, according to circumstances. And so the circle narrowed on the thing, and the motion, step by step, and slways in readiness either to fly back in haste or to execute the stranger, according to circumstances. And so the circle narrowed on the thing, and the motion of the surface of the Buddha, measuring five cubits in height, and in the usual sitting posture, beaming benevolently on his admirers. Their wonderment may be imagined. It was a real and undeniable paw-daw-moo. Two men alone could not bring such a mass of stone; moreover, the statue had been seem moving by itself therefore the two men were not real men, but Nats, who had simply come to rouse the attention o them a strange object resembling a human

CRAWFISH BECOMING SCARCE. Oregon People Eating So Many Pisherme Cannot Supply Demand.

From the Portland Oregonian. An odd looking genius was met on Second street yesterday with two purse nets on rings about six feet across, slung over one shoulder, and a package of stale beef under the other arm. He explained that he was going crawfishing, as the market was bare of these delicacies, and if he caught any he could get 15 cents or more a dozen for them.

When asked if the crawfish had not all gone

down into burrows in the mud for the winter, like the catfish, he said that the winter was so mild here that they did not do this. He knew some ponds on the East Side where the water is deep and where there are fine, large crawfish. He would fasten a big chunk of meat in the centre of his nets and sink then some distance apart, from his boat. Alte leaving them about two hours he would hau

them up and repeat the process. Crawfish used to be very abundant in many sloughs and streams of this section a year or two ago, and thousands of them were sent in from the Tualatin; but when people generally took to eating them they soon became scarce and dear. The crawfishers will have now to try the streams and pende of distant sections for them, as there is a rood demand for these crustaceans, which of spices, are rather appetizing

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